JOSEFA JARA INOSTROZA

Colegio Pumahue Temuco

3rd Place in the ESU Chile Creative Writing Competition

2024

Junior Category

This document contains two texts. First one is the Round 1 Finished Work Entry on the theme of “Opposites”. Second one was done on the day of the in-person final 8th June 2024, as a Freewrite/First Draft activity, associated with an Emotion.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION

discovering voices

First Text: Round 1 Entry

Hidden Truth

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there were two sisters. The youngest one was named Isabel Ludwig, the older one was named Connie Ludwig. Both were extremely opposite, the most noticeable thing being, Connie being the kindest, and caring one, and Isabel being mean and not even a bit caring.

Our story starts in a Church, where both of our protagonists were raised.

“Isabel, Isabel! ”- Connie exclaimed. “Sister Marie said we are going to be-…Isabel?” - Connie asked. “What. Can’t you see I’m busy??” - Isabel replied.

Even if Connie and Isabel were sisters, and Connie loved Isabel dearly, Isabel never trulyappreciated that. “Isabel!” Connie took something out of Isabel’s hands.

“Hey! Give it back! We´re not done yet!”- Isabel exclaimed. Truth is, Isabel enjoyed torturing things like bugs just for fun, but Connie, as someone sane, knew it was extremely wrong, and tried to guide her sister through the right path, but she’ll never do that. “Anyways, leave this poor insect alone and come for dinner! You know sister Lily dislikes us being late! Specially if it’s because of... whatever this is!” - Connie yelled as she grabbed onto Isabel’s arm and dragged her to the dining room. “Connie! Stop it!” Isabel screamed, but Connie didn’t listen.

Once they both reached the dining room. Kira was glaring at both girls, disappointed. “Why are you two late? Did Isabel break a bug apart again?” she asked. “Yes…I'll try to make Isabel stop that.” - Connie answered. “Seriously? Do you think you’ll make me stop?” - Isabel questioned. “Mhm! And I will!” Connie exclaimed. “Well then, you two eat and go to your rooms. Today is

the ceremony for Sister Luna, she has been working hardly, so give her a congratulation.'' - Kira announced. ''Okay sister Kira…''- they both answered in unison.

After they both had lunch, and congratulated Luna, both sisters went to their respective rooms.

The next day, they expected to see Luna as a new Nun, but instead, she was nowhere to be seen.

''Hey, Connie? Where is Luna?''- she questioned. ''So, you're finally caring for someone, aren't you?'' - Connie answered. ''But now that I think of it.... Sister Luna hasn't been seen since yesterday!'' - Connie said. ''And today is sister Stella's ceremony too!''- Connie exclaimed.

''Eh, she'll be fine... Luna probably went to one of those weird orphanages.'' - Isabel answered.

''Isabel! You cannot be so disrespectful! You just say their names?? You have to say sister! Learn that already!'' - Connie yelled. ''I'm not sitting by your stupid scolding.''- she said, as she stood up and picked her journal. ''Where do you think you're going?'' - Connie yelled again. ''You and I are going to have a talk you know!''- she screamed. ''No, we're not. Now, didn't you have stuff to do with Marie? Don't make her wait longer than she should.'' - Isabel replied. ''And no buts.'' - she added, as she walked away, leaving Connie in the same place, standing still.

Later, when Connie was in her room, she started to think a bit about the situation, and whispered to herself a few thoughts, until she finally said: ''I should ask Sister Kira where Sister Luna is...'' And with that, she got out of her room. To her surprise, Isabel was also out of her room, and as usual, she was tearing a small bug apart. When Connie saw what her sister was doing, she immediately took the bug out of her hands.

''Isabel! What did I tell you about doing that?!'' She yelled. ''Whatever...I have a better question, what are you doing out here hm?''- Isabel questioned. ''I am going to ask Sister Kira where Luna

is...and what are YOU doing here?''- Connie replied. “None of your business...'' Isabel said and stood up.

“I want to know where she is too. So, I'll go with you, JUST this once, understood?” “Uh-huh. Let's go already then!''- Connie peeped, not wanting to disturb anyone else in their rooms with their chatter. When they reached the dining room, near where they saw Kira last, Isabel noticed a hidden door they had never seen before, and inside of it came a horrid smell. “Ew... what is that?''- Connie muttered. “I have no idea, but because of that I'm opening the door''- Isabel hissed.

“Wait! Don't!''- Connie peeped with an uneasy feeling, but even if Isabel heard her, she opened the door slightly anyway. What both sisters saw was something they never imagined ever happening. Stella's blood-soaked body, with Kira, Lily, Marie, and various nuns making a circle around her.

Connie covered her mouth, and Isabel instantly closed the door. “Oh my god…was that… Stella...?'' - Isabel muttered. Connie stood in place, paralysed, teary eyed. At that sight, Isabel confirmed that it was indeed Stella the girl they saw, and this made Isabel realize, that wasn't just a normal church... it was a cult! And if they didn't get out of there as soon as possible, they would be next.

“We're getting out of here... and no buts!'' - Isabel exclaimed as she grabbed Connie's arm and dragged her to her room.

Some hours later, both girls had escaped that church, with their things packed up. Nobody knows anything about them, or that church to this day.

Second Text: Free Write / First Draft 8th June 2024

“THE WHITE HALL”

(Guilt)

When I awoke, I found myself in that same white hall with blinding lights.
I didn’t know how or why I ended up there, but all I knew was that I was stuck with my friends, but I didn’t even know their current condition.

I stood up from the cold, hard floor, and decided to aimlessly walk through the different halls, trying to find an exit. with the weird feeling of guilt and pity growing on my chest.

It felt like I had been walking around for hours, days even. But while strolling around, a door stood up to me. It had some blood splatters, and it said “Laboratory.”
I didn’t have anything else better to do,and I wanted to distract myself from so much guilt, so I entered the room. But, I immediately regretted that decision when I saw multiple corpses, and a gut wrenching scene, which made the guilt worse.

But…In between all that pile of genocide, something stood out.
Asami. She was one of my friends, she seemed as if she had been turned into a puppet doll of some sort…her eyes and mouth were sewn shut, and she had strings around her wrists, knees, arms, legs, and even neck. Keeping her stuck in that same spot, as if she was standing on a stage.

I felt an ever bigger amount of guilt, she had clearly fought to try and see the light of one more day, but it was clear as water that she failed.

But…what snapped me out of my trance, was a voice whispering “Why?”

It sounded like Aoi, my other friend. She kept repeating the words:”Why did you leave us? Why did you escape alone?” Over and over again.

I turned around slowly, only to find her throat had been slitted, and had some stab wounds around her chest. She immediately screeched ”Answer my question, Naomi.” When I faced her.

I was paralyzed…was this actually Aoi? And how could she even speak to me? She should be dead.

That’s when realization hit me like a truck, and a wave of guilt and anguish surrounded me. I was the cause of her death. I had butchered her in cold blood, blinded by rage. And right next to her, was Kana.

They stared at me, their eyes filled with hatred, and a dull, dead stare.

I just freezed seeing their standing corpses. Why did I do this? Did I really let Isabel get the best of me? Did I seriously believe her words?

I felt tears well inside my eyes, while I asked myself “why was I so selfish?” Again and again, until an extremely loud slam snapped me back to reality.

“I hope you like your punishment, Nao. Don’t worry, it won’t hurt a lot.” And when she finished speaking, flames surrounded us. But…I had just realized, I was the only one inside that room. I had locked myself inside, and had already started a fire. I had hallucinated the whole Incident because of my guilt, and regret.

I desperately tried to open the door, while the flames slowly got closer, and closer…around enough to brush the back of my shoes. Then, I felt a spark of hope. The key was hanged on top of the wall. Just enough so I couldn’t reach it, unless I used a boost.

I wasted no time, and sought what was at my disposal for helping me up. A pile of books catched my eye. “That’s it!” I blurted out, and stacked the books, and stood on them after. It was enough to reach the key, I just needed to reach out for it.

I extended my arm, Trying to reach it, feeling the heat of the fire right behind me.
Out of a miracle, the tip of my fingers touched the key, and the key fell to the floor, Right next to the fire…

I grabbed it, with my hand being slightly swollen and burnt by the flames surrounding it, and unlocked the door. Right outside, awaited the hallway covered in flames.

I didn’t even know where the exit was, but if I didn’t act quick, I would die inside that fire. So I ran off, while feeling some steps and the heat behind me.

After what felt hours, I found a sign that said “EXIT” written in green, and a door below.
Before I reached that door, I felt a hand grab my shoulder strongly, hurting it. I faced the person, or whatever held my shoulder. And there was Asami, with her sewn eyes and creepy smile, pushing me in the fire.

All I felt was pain. My clothes and skin burning into ashes. And all I saw afterwards, was white.

When I sat up, I was once again, stuck in that hall, with the same blinding lights, hanging from the top of the ceiling.

I had just remembered, this was my punishment for betraying my friends. an endless loop, with my inevitable fate and the corpses of my friends.